

From the New York Clipper.
The Rebel Excursion to the Key-stone State.

How are you Gen. Lee?

Of General Lee, the rebel chief, you all perhaps do know,
How he came north a short time since to spend a month or so,
But soon he found the climate warm, altho' a southern man,
And quickly hurried up his cakes, and quickly toddled home again.

Chorus—How are you, General Lee? it is; why don't you longer stay?
How are your friends in Maryland, and Pennsylvania?

Jeff Davis met him coming back, "Why General Lee," he said,
"What makes you look and stagger so? there's whisky in your head."
"Not much, I think," said General Lee; "No whisky's there indeed;
What makes me feel so giddy, is, I've taken too much Meade."

Chorus—How are you, General?

"But you seem ill yourself, dear Jeff, you look sad enough,
I think while I've been gone, old Abe has used you rather rough."

"Well, yes, he has, and that's a fact; it makes me feel downcast,
For they've bothered us at Vicksburg, so 'tis granted them at last."

Chorus—Then, how are you, Jeff Davis?
What is it makes you sigh?
How are your friends in Vicksburg and in Mississippi?

"Yes, Vicksburg they have got quite sure, and Richmond soon they'll take.
At Port Hudson, too, they have some Banks I fear we cannot break;
While Rosecrans, in Tennessee, swears he'll our army flog,
And prove if Bragg's a terrier good, Holdfast's a better dog."

Chorus—Then how are you Jeff, &c.

Says he: "All things are looking queer, since them damn Yankees fit
At Gettysburg for Meade, where I did have to 'get,'
I fella kind of choking here, and hemp begin to smelt,
I think secession 'bout played out and kinder goin' to H—ll."

Chorus—How are you, Jeff Davis? Would you not like to be
A long way out of Richmond and the Confederacy?
For with "Porter" on the river and "Meade" upon the land,
I guess you'll find these mix'd drinks more than you can stand.

LAZIEST YET.—During the summer of 1846, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of the citizens being hard-pressed for bread, having worn thread-bare the hospitality of his generous neighbors, by his extreme laziness, they thought it an act of charity to bury him. Accordingly, he was carried toward the place of interment, and being met by one of the citizens, the following conversation took place:

"Halloo! what have you there?"

"Poor old Mr. S."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Bury him."

"What! is he dead? I hadn't heard of his death."

"No, he is not dead, but he might as well be, for he has no corn and is too lazy to work for it."

"That is too cruel for civilized people, I'll give him two bushels of corn myself, rather than see him buried alive."

Mr. S. raised the cover, and asked in his usual dragging tone, "I-s-i-t-s-h-e-l-l-d-o-d?"

"No, but you can soon shell it."

"D-r-i-v-e-o-n-b-o-y-s!"

The Iron-Clads—Preparations To Attack Sumter.

The Boston Traveller publishes the following extracts of a private letter from the vicinity of Charleston:

"Since leaving Charleston harbor, I learn that a number of the officers of the iron-clads have been obliged to retire in consequence of the exhausting character of their duties on board, and that their places have been supplied by others:

"There has been another serious accident on board the iron-clad Nahant. They were condensing water on board and as the water has for sometime past been rather brackish, much pains were taken at this time to remedy the evil. The officer of the deck, therefore, requested the captain of the hold to bring him a little to try. As the tank was unscrewed the steam and boiling water rushed out, scalding terribly seven men, in some instances causing the skin to peel off. Their cries of agony, as their wounds were dressed, were quite distressing.

"During the recent attack upon Fort Wagner, the Nahant had two shots penetrate her decks, while the stern of the vessel was opened three inches by a shot from Fort Wagner.

An artillery officer writes to the Boston Traveller, "under date of Morris Island, July 29th; "Our force is working day and night erecting new batteries and mounting 10-inch mortars and heavy guns. We have five 100-pound and three 200-pound Parrotts to mount; one 200-pound Parrott is already mounted, and yesterday three shots were fired at Fort Sumter just to get the range. One shot hit the corner of the parapet and made the bricks fly. Our pickets are within four hundred yards of Fort Wagner, but they have to look out for the rebel sharpshooters. The water on the Island is so bad that whiskey is served out to the troops three times a day."

HOSTAGE OFFICERS.—In response to the announcement that Wm. H. F. Lee and Captain Winder have been placed in confinement at Old Point as hostages for the two Yankee officers, Flynn and Sawyer, condemned to be shot by the Confederate authorities, our commissioner has informed the Federal Government that the Confederate Government will not be intimidated by any such threat, and that the execution of said officers will take place as soon as the President may see fit. It is hoped that the Executive will see fit to give the order for execution immediately; and as we have now over 500 in our hands [Our Government has at least 5,000 rebel officers in its hands.—Editor Baltimore American,] besides five or six thousand privates, it is in the power of the Government to carry retaliation to a very bitter extreme. The people call for the death of these two Yankees, and it is useless to delay their death any longer.—Richmond Enquirer, July 27.

NEW YORK RIOTERS CONVICTED.—William Watson, one of the New York rioters, convicted of robbery, has been sent to the State Prison for ten years. Two others, Michael Doyle and John Conway, for the same offence, have been sent for fifteen years each. Several others are on trial.

The whole of John Morgan's hair is shaved off, and not only that, but his whiskers and moustache. The loss of these last, if he ever gets out of prison, must be at once supplied. A bandit must of course look ferocious. But John can make false trimmings for his face from the tail of the first horse he steals. As for his hair, he needn't be troubled about it at all, for we are credibly informed that not less than fifty or a hundred of his female admirers in this city have already cut off their own hair and sent it to the peruquier to be made into wigs for his use. We are assured that there is hardly a rebel lady among us whose head will not be found upon examination to have been just shaved or clipped. As there is likely to be a great deal of competition among the fair creatures as to which of them shall enjoy the honor of having her hair worn by the hero of the stable and the cow-pasture, we hope to prevent ill blood by suggesting a compromise. Let all of them, black-haired, brown-haired, chestnut-haired, yellow-haired, red-haired, and gray-haired contribute each a lock to be woven into the honored and envied wig. They can, if they choose, send their contributions to us.—Louisville Journal

Wouldn't a little wool from this section be acceptable, Mr. Journal?

Privateers in Brazilian Waters.

The "Jornal do Commercio" of June 11th, contains a letter from General James Watson Webb, American Minister to Brazil, to Dr. Thomas Rancy, in answer to an inquiry by the latter as to whether there would be any impropriety in his presenting to the Brazilian government two rifle bronze guns. General Webb says that there is no difficulty between himself and the administration of the Brazilian government, and the relations between the two governments are as cordial as could be desired. Every complaint of his, he says, has in due time been satisfactorily responded to. Although the presence in Brazilian waters of piratical steamers, built in English ports, with English capital, equipped and manned by Englishmen, and sailing under English colors, from the shores of G. Britain, to prey upon, sink, and destroy the unprotected commercial vessels of a friendly Power, without ever having been in the waters of the rebels, to whom they claim to belong, had rendered it necessary for him to call the attention of the Imperial government to the conduct of some of its subordinates, he did not entertain a doubt but that full justice would be done in the exigency.

COULDN'T REMEMBER.—A noted Hindoo orator of this village was addressing Council, No. 202, a few evenings since, and as usual, lashed himself into a terrible fury against Wm. H. Seward.

"Seward," said he, "is a scoundrel—a villain—a traitor—he's in league with the Pope—he's no American—he's as treacherous as—as—(the speaker scratches his head), as treacherous as—Gentleman, what in h—ll was that feller's name that betrayed Christ?"

WHEN IS MUSIC LIKE VEGETABLES? When there are two beats to a measure.

The author of the above is, without doubt, a disciple of the muses.

A VERY small man who is blessed with a very large wife, that instead of looking up to him with admiration, is in the habit of looking down upon him with something akin to contempt, called her yesterday in her presence, by the way of compliment, "my better half."

"Your better half!" said she, with a disdainful toss of the head, "you had better say 'your best three-quarters;' you are not more than one fourth of the joint concern, no how!"

THE NET RESULT OF THE GREAT REBEL RAID INTO PENNSYLVANIA.—A letter recently captured from a rebel mail-carrier in Virginia says:

I think we are badly worsted by that (Lee's) raid. We went there seeking revenge, we are now reaping the reward. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." We have gained nothing, but lost heavily. We exchanged fifteen thousand or twenty thousand men for a few horses and cattle.

We take this estimate to be pretty near the exact mark. And yet one of the rebel journals and the hardihood to claim the whole fair as a rebel victory. If it was a rebel victory, it clearly belongs to the famous class of victories of which we are sufficient to ruin the victors.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13.—Gen. Grant's report gives as the result of the campaign the defeat of the enemy in five battles outside of Vicksburg, occupation of Jackson, capture of Vicksburg and its garrison and munition of war, as a loss to the enemy of 37,000 prisoners, among whom were fifteen general officers and 10,000 killed and wounded, besides arms and munitions of war for an army of 60,000 men have fallen into our hands, with a large amount of other public property consisting of railroads, locomotives, cars, steamboats, cotton, &c, too much destroyed to prevent capture. Our losses summed up at various points amounts to 1242 killed, 7295 wounded, and 537 missing.

Advices from the front says that the continued heat is sufficient cause for non-action.

The Court of Inquiry—Maj. Gen. Hitchcock presiding—were investigating the surrender of Winchester and Milroy's conduct.

Gen. Hallack opposes Rosecrans' effort for the organization of cavalry and mounted infantry forces. Senators Cowan and Harris, and General Morehead, now here, warmly favor it; also an official letter from General Rosecrans to Hallack, Stanton, and the President, representing the urgent necessity of raising such forces.

A blessed companion is a book. A book that's fitly chosen is a life-long friend. A book—the unfailing Damon to his loving Pythias. A book that, at a touch, pours its heart into our own.

Nevada sends a handsome contribution to the New York Christian Commission, in the form of a bar of silver valued at \$1,800.

To be continued next week.